

# UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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## UNITY.

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## Editorial.

THE attention of the Unity Club and other thoughtful circles in the West is called to the notice in our announcement column concerning the proposed visit of Mr. Edward Emerson, of Concord. We hope that many of the circles belonging to the Unity household will avail themselves of this opportunity of hearing the latest word about Henry Thoreau by one who knew him. The senior editor of this paper will be glad to correspond with any parties interested in the matter.

REV. T. B. FORBUSH has a sketch in a late number of the *Christian Register* of the life and work of Rev. F. W. Blohm among his Danish countrymen in Salt Lake City, and makes a timely and earnest appeal for help for this unique and most praiseworthy experiment. We gave a few items concerning Mr. Blohm's history in the "Notes from the Field" a few weeks ago, and agree with Mr. Forbush that through the Loan Fund or private generosity this struggling and heroic movement in the heart of Mormonism should receive immediate practical assistance.

A CORRESPONDENT asks for a list of "all noted Unitarians, past, present, and especially of our own country." We are proud of the implication of courage that goes along with this request; but bold as our critic thinks us, we confess we are not half enough brave to try to respond to such a request as this. If our Unitarian household were larger, we might venture to imply the less distinguished by mention of more illustrious names in our theological posses-

sion. But when a body is so small as ours, it is a fair conclusion that all its members are more or less "noted" for something or deserve to be. We like to think that quality compensates for size, here as elsewhere. Our correspondent further inquires if Whittier was a Unitarian. Write and ask the poet himself, or better still, read his poems. Unitarianism would gain new grace and strength with the addition of such a name, but simple honesty prevents us from claiming it. We have small sympathy with the efforts of some Unitarians to rank every good thing in thought and literature under that name. Unitarianism is, we fear, less distinguished by the names she has chosen to keep on her roll of honor than by those she has seen fit to reject or let slip therefrom.

WE are glad to note this item going the rounds of the press to the effect that, "The Princess of Wales is giving orders that nothing in which birds are used as trimming need be submitted to her inspection or to that of her daughters." It would seem as though the cause for shame which once tinged the cheek of the American woman over the cruel "slaughter of the Innocents" for a vulgar love of show is passing away, with the time when every street car and public assembly burdens the eye and grieves the sympathetic heart with a flock of dead birds supported on the heads of women who themselves assume to be alive.

THE recent death of Charles Bradlaugh brings to light many strange facts connected with his eventful history. The English freethinker suffered from religious persecution from early boyhood, filled also with the trials of extreme poverty. During his youth he was a devoted attendant at religious service; which only proves that his early revolt from the superstitious teachings he there heard was not an act of thoughtless irreverence. He had from the beginning a clear head and active conscience. The story of the numerous petty outrages he suffered for his liberal principles is hard to believe, though of such recent experience. We are told that clergymen led chiefly the attacks against him. Whatever the incidental faults of his methods and philosophy, his bravery and devotion to the cause of truth and mental freedom must command general admiration.

THAT remarkable woman, Mrs. Poyser, expressed in her own homely, vigorous fashion, the waste of time and energy resulting from undue commemorative attentions to the dead which so often replace needed care of the living.—"It's little good comes of watering last year's crop," she said. Without exactly subscribing to this utilitarian view of the subject, we do agree heartily with both the spirit and sentiment of a short editorial utterance in the February number of the *Unitarian Review*, on "Sepulchres of the Prophets," inspired by the proposition to build at Delfthaven a monument to the Pilgrim Fathers. The Greek origin of the word monument, we are reminded, does not mean burial place at all, but "simply something to keep in mind"; and the writer raises the question whether in this and all similar cases we can not find better ways of keeping the world's great benefactors in mind than by these

external forms and symbols. He ends by speaking of the resentment he felt on learning that "the envoy of the Waldensian body in Italy could not here in Boston have the small sum that would have strengthened and cheered perhaps the most interesting of all contemporary religious movements, while ten times as much was being asked for to build the tombs of the prophets and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous, who did their task and went to their reward centuries ago."

EVERY fresh utterance of Prof. Harper of Yale confirms the wisdom of the judgment which has placed him at the head of the coming university in Chicago. On his recent visit to the city, in attendance on the Biblical Institute, Prof. Harper expressed the wish that the university of the future might be an institution that never stopped, with a year divided into four terms of twelve weeks each. It is a strange arrangement, he says, which decrees that all the colleges in the country should be closed one-fourth of the year. Prof. Harper also heartily commends the university extension idea, which is to be embodied in the plan of the new university.

THE address of President Eliot on the "Aims of the Higher Education," delivered at Central Music Hall on the evening of his arrival in the city, was marked not less by finished scholarship than by breadth of view. Delightful to listen to as a piece of literary workmanship, it was also replete with clear and positive statements embodying liberal ideas. The subject was considered under the three aspects of the university as teacher, storehouse, and an agency equipped for the study and advancement of truth. The lecturer paid a sincere tribute to the scientific specialist, who stands apart from his age in his indifference to all standards of material success, who is not indifferent to fame but scorns notoriety, aiming only to win the approval of his peers. The higher education is to be measured, said the speaker, not by the knowledge it imparts, but by mental power. The speaker dwelt at some length on the broadening of the sentiment of toleration in matters of religion and politics which is one of the results of university training. "The university stands for intellectual and spiritual dominion, for the forces of the mind and soul against the overwhelming load of material possessions which the modern world carries."

### A New Book About Emerson.

One is afraid to speak his full delight over such a book as Charles J. Woodbury of Oakland, California, has given us under the title of "Talks With Ralph Waldo Emerson," lest his words may be weakened to the reader with the suspicion that enthusiasm has run away with critical judgment. But it is a delightful and valuable book, quite independent of any literary skill on the part of the writer, though Mr. Woodbury is not without the ability to turn a clean sentence and put things tersely. It is refreshing to look at the seer through the eyes of one who was his loving and earnest student during his college years. Mr. Woodbury, while at Williams College, seems to have been intimately related with the management

of certain lectures which from time to time Mr. Emerson came to deliver before the college boys. Thus began a friendship which grew into an intimacy that made this book possible. It is a gossip book divided into the following tempting chapters: Meeting, Counsel, Criticism, Concord, Transcendentalism, Presence, Method and Manhood.

The book is dedicated "To the Youths of the Land Who Aspire," and this "youth's experience of Mr. Emerson" is a timely gift to put into the hands of our school-boys and school-girls. How much Emerson loved these boys! How much he did for them! "My special parish is young men inquiring their way of life" he wrote Miss Peabody; and to Carlyle, "How natural it is for me to run to these places" (the college towns). "I am lured on by the hope of saying something which shall stick by the good boys." In the chapter entitled "Counsel" there is some more of that bristling good advice which to the reader of Emerson is very familiar, though none the less delightful. "Read those men who are not lazy." "No one can select the beautiful passages for another." "Only read to start your own team." "Yield not one inch to all the forces which conspire to make you an echo; this is the sin of dogmatism and creeds. Avoid them; they build a fence about the intellect." "Three thousand five hundred people! Three thousand five hundred faiths in the village of Williamstown! Let yours not come from tradition. Life is awry at best. The effort should be evermore to widen the circle so as to admit ventilation. Seek first spirit, and second spirit, and third and evermore spirit." In this chapter there are some wise things said about stimulants. For instance, "A clean creature needs so little and responds so readily. . . . Conversation is an excitant and the series of intoxications it creates is helpful, but tobacco,—what rude crowbar is that by which to pry into the delicate tissues of the brain." The chapters on Concord and Transcendentalism give us other glimpses into the heart of the man. It is the habit, even among the admirers of Emerson, to patronize the "Transcendental Movement," of which he was the unsolicited prophet, with a smile, and assume that it is a past inspiration, a last year's bird-nest, something overestimated. But instead of being overestimated it was a movement not yet fully appreciated. For thirty years the cultured classes have had their smile, if not their fling, at Henry Thoreau, and still Thoreau's star is in the ascendancy, not yet at its zenith. We are glad to catch evidences in these pages of the place Thoreau held in the estimation of the major prophet. We are also glad to note, as will be seen in another column of this issue, that Mr. Edward Emerson, of Concord, Mass., who in this, as in other respects, is the son of his father, will probably visit some of our western towns this spring with his word about "this brave true man," the hermit of Walden Pond, the friend and companion of his youth.

This daintily bound volume of which we speak contains a suggestive portrait of Mr. Emerson, different from any we have before seen, which justifies, more than most of the por-



traits, Sidney Morse's larger bust, showing the massive features of the face in repose ever breaking into a smile. We commend Mr. Woodbury's work to the young, and to such others as do not yet know this master of the aspiring heart. Differ from Emerson they may in their conclusions and estimates after they have read and pondered his works. No one would more rejoice in such difference than Emerson himself. But alas, most of those who are confident of such differences and are most ready to dismiss him with a smile are those who do not yet know him. The young of our land at least should be urged to understand him first, then criticise afterward, if they care and dare to.

#### The Church Building Problem.

UNITY has so long stood for the principle of rational church-building that it is with peculiar gratification we read in the *Universalist Monthly* an editorial communication on this subject, based on some recent utterances of Rev. H. Price Collier before the Universalist Club, New York. Mr. Crowe lays much of the blame of our costly church structures, closed to all practical use six days out of the week,—"empty, idle, cold, forbidding,"—directly at the door of the preachers; who guide the taste and action of the trustees in such matters, and are "under bondage to a senseless tradition." It is not necessary, Mr. Crowe thinks, that our city churches should stand on expensive corner lots: "A church in the center of the block, reaching back the depth of the lot, with audience room at the rear and with rooms, five or six stories of them, at the front for parish work—offices enough to let, if you will, to pay current expenses—that would be a more business-like affair, and more acceptable to God than a pile of mortgage-ridden architecture."

He calls attention to the very pertinent fact that the real work of these churches is seldom done in these buildings: "With these great, fine, expensive elephants of buildings on our hands, what course do we pursue when we really wake up to the feeling that God has called us to be of use in the world? We go off somewhere else and hire or build rooms to conduct our useful enterprises in." The practical work of the church,—its various philanthropic and missionary labors—is often carried on in localities quite remote from the church, amid surroundings that promote the work in hand. "The great river of human wretchedness flows along the down-town streets, and the churches are away up-town in the quiet streets." The cure for this "waste of money and waste of preacher," lies only in the new, rational conception of the religious life that is rising on the world's attention. We are beginning to learn that the sole office of the Christian church is not "to preserve a set of dogmas." So long as that idea prevailed the present system of church architecture served well to embody it. "The way to preserve a dogma is to remove it from the jostling and handling of the multitude, surround it by a few narrow devotees in a quiet place, pay it artistic court and give it social prestige."

The improved church building Mr. Crowe has in mind will be modeled partly on Gen. Booth's "Shelter" and partly on Walter Besant's "Palace." A coffee-room, and reading-room, ample accommodations for the women workers, music rooms, and class rooms, library, gymnasium, "an audience room built like a theater, with ample stage for orchestra and chorus," are among the features suggested. As to locality we should place this church where it is most needed. "Put your man-saving institution where there are most men that

need saving." This is good, but Mr. Crowe should reflect that this element abounds on the avenues as well as in the alleys. We should be sorry to see the rich and respectable classes of society deprived of the benefits of all these changes, and the renewed spiritual life and activity they imply. We wish we had space to quote the article entire from which these extracts have been taken.

C. P. W.

#### The Bible as Literature.

The process of reducing inspired Scripture to literature is rapidly extending to all parts of the Bible. Beginning with a few books of the Old Testament it has widened to include them all. The Bible became to modern criticism the library and literary remains of the Hebrew race. We were naturally to expect to find in this collection the philosophy, the theology, the ethics, the history and poetry (both lyric and dramatic), the traditions, mythology and fiction of the Israelitish people.

The movement could not be stopped at the boundaries of the Old Testament. It swept over the New Testament also; and to-day we speak of the mythology of the gospels, of the divergent and contradictory views of the Christian Scriptures, with the same certainty of conviction, that we have when we refer to the anonymous legends of Genesis, or to the conflict of the priestly and prophetic polity in the Jewish faith. Those bugbears or black beasts of orthodoxy, Strauss and Baur, whose names for more than half a century have only been mentioned that they might be covered with derision, have done their work, and done it so thoroughly that no theological power can undo it. People who like to amuse themselves, or preachers who like to hush up the doubts of their congregations, by saying that these men are dead or that their arguments were answered long ago, may do so. But the fact that since their writings were first published men have kept on answering them, shows what vitality there was in their scholarship. And when so recently, a work like that of James Martineau, on the "Seat of Authority in Religion," takes its stand upon the most advanced conclusions of German Biblical criticism, in some respects going far beyond the positions of the hated Tübingen school of fifty years ago, we see how hopeless it has become, how impossible for reading, thinking men longer to look upon any part of the Bible, as composed, preserved or authorized in any different way from that which is applicable to all enduring literature.

The Bible is interesting. In many respects it should be to us the most interesting of all books. But how many resort to it with that sense of expectation and eagerness, with which they choose some book from the library from the great stores of our own English literature? And now that the theory of its infallible inspiration has broken down; that it has ceased to be the all-sufficient law of faith and practice; that it is no longer obligatory upon men that they shall study it in order to secure the favor of God and the salvation of their souls, it becomes a question to what extent in the future will this literature of an ancient race be read. That it will be read, I do not doubt; but I ask to what extent and with what interest? Will it ever be read again as it has been read in the past—weekly, daily, in all the homes of Protestant believers; almost hourly, by serious inquirers and new converts; coupled with the mother's blessing and carried away in the trunk of every boy or girl leaving the parental roof; carefully put into the knapsack of the young soldier; sat down to as a feast by the traveler in the room of his hotel, and

drawn forth from his pocket by the illiterate wayside wanderer; the companion of sick-beds, alike in the intervals of ease and hope, and in those of pain and fear; read with prayers, on bended knee, through eyes dimmed with tears of penitence or of gratitude; with the Bible as literature, as no longer a supernatural message, a book let down from heaven, as no longer the very word of God, but the utterance of fallible man—will the Bible, under this conception command the attention and interest that it had when it was earnestly, believingly held up before the people as the one guide given by God to men, to direct their footsteps in this life and to save them from eternal agony in the world to come?

These were strong motives to urge upon the average man. If he accepted this view as the teachers of religion did, he was not likely to peril his temporal and everlasting good by neglecting this revelation. Gradually, however, these motives have been weakened. Man is not the fallen being that the Bible assumes, he is a risen being—gradually having grown out of the primitive barbarism of the early world. The doom of eternal torment which once threatened him is more and more discredited; and finally that volume which was revered as an oracle, whose lightest word or command was to be most strictly construed and obeyed, is ranked by the greatest and even the most reverent scholars of our time as literature. It takes its place with the great remains and masterpieces of human composition, wherein are said or sung the story of an age, of a race, of a once living faith. It records the hopes and fears, the joys and woes, the trials and wanderings, the persecutions and prayers, the gratitude and penitence, the doubts and aspirations, the backslidings and faith of a people. It is a chapter in the great volume of human history. It is a story in the experience of our humanity.

No doubt scholars will continue to read the Bible. All educated men must know it or be guilty of a culpable ignorance. Lovers of good literature will find it rich in all that appeals to mind and heart. Those who come together to study the great classics of the world, like the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, like the works of Plato and the poems of Dante, like the plays of Shakespeare, and the lyrics of Wordsworth, ought to give some time to the immortal utterances of Hebrew genius. "The authors of the Book of Job (says Dr. Griffis) would teach us how to suffer and be strong; the Psalmists how to pray and praise; the Proverbists inculcating wisdom and discipline, how, under all circumstances to do the square thing, according to the plumb-line of the eternities; the preacher how to enjoy aright the good things of God, while the poet of the *Cantic* shows us how to love."

It can not be questioned, I think, that the more rational way of treating the Bible under a free but reverent handling (as in that remarkable work the "Bible for Learners") has drawn many to the book who were repelled before, has awakened an interest in its history and contents which they supposed was forever lost. I am sure all of us feel this and are grateful for that natural treatment of its characters and themes, which the scholarship of our generation has so richly exemplified. With accessible helps of this kind, to read it now, is to take in hand a new book. It is human, and alive with human frailties, emotions and passions. But no longer can we expect thoughtful men sitting down in private or rising up in public, to dwell as heretofore with tedious iteration on the turn of a word or phrase, or to spend whole seasons in discussing together the doctrinal or practical sig-

nificance of a passage of prophecy, a letter of an apostle, or a gospel sprinkled with legends, written by some unknown author. These writings may be studied in this minute way in the classes of a divinity school or in the private library of the scholar; but this method has ceased to be of interest to the Sunday-school class, to the congregation, or to the average reader.

L.

#### Men and Things.

PROF. DAVID SWING reached the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ministry in Chicago last Sunday, preaching on "The Pastorate," from a text taken from II. Timothy, "Preach the Word."

WE learn from the February number of the *Unitarian Review*, that its editor, Prof. J. H. Allen is to be absent from duty the next three months, and that Rev. N. P. Gilman is to supply his place.

MR. SERGIUS STEPENIAK is attracting much attention in Boston, having invitations that occupy all his leisure while there. His first lecture was upon Nihilism. He is said to be a man of impressive presence and charming in conversation.

REFORMED Judaism is to have an organ called the *Reform Advocate*, to be published in this city weekly under the editorial management of Dr. E. G. Hirsch. No movement has a better right to be heard. It is backed by a magnificent tradition, and with a splendid stream of prophetic tendency faces the future. Success to it.

FRAU SOPHIE SALVANIUS, an able German woman of letters, has issued an appeal to her countrywomen to reform those national modes of education which consider girls simply as future wives and housekeepers. Their present training she says, leaves German women without individuality and with pitifully low ideals of life.

WHILE in England the queen of Roumania visited a needle manufactory. Stopping before one of the machines where there was a workman busy piercing eyes, the queen expressed admiration of the delicacy of his work. He asked for a hair from her head, and when she gave it he put it under his needle, drilled a hole through it, and then threaded the same with a delicate silk.

A RATHER sensational story is told of King Otto of Bavaria, who is said to stand at the window of his castle prison, under watch of an attendant, and shoot at peasants, not pheasants, with a gun which he supposes to be loaded with ball, but which, of course, is not. Peasants are kept under regular pay to be shot at. They come within gunshot, the king fires, and at the sound they fall pretending to be killed.

THE Lenox Library, of New York, has just become the possessor of the largest and most valuable collection of manuscript relics of Robert Burns, the Scottish poet, in the world. The collection was purchased by Mr. John S. Kennedy the president of the library, while in Scotland last summer. In connection with the manuscript collection Mr. Kennedy has presented the Lenox Library with a beautiful copy of the first edition of Burns's "Poems," one of the rarest of British books nowadays.

PROF. JAMES. T. HATFIELD of the Northwestern University, of Evanston, is the second one from the United States who has been made a member of the organization committee of the ninth international congress of orientalists, to be held in London next September. Prof. Hatfield is a graduate of the Northwestern University and has spent a considerable time in China and India, where he studied the native languages. He edited a Sanskrit grammar published in 1884. He is a fellow of Johns Hopkins university.

JUDGE JOHNSON of Milwaukee recently rendered a decision requiring a more practical enforcement of the civil rights law in that city; and the Afro-American league has addressed circulars to a number of saloon-keepers, restaurant-keepers and others who have been reported as discriminating against colored citizens by refusing them admission or charging them double prices, warning them to discontinue these practices, under threats of prosecution. Inclosed with the circular is a copy of the judge's decision, which they are asked to read carefully to avoid future trouble.

A LETTER from Paris, which place Count Bismark recently visited in search of distraction, describes him as a sad and depressed man, who seems to take very little notice of what is going on in the political world of Europe. Comparison is made between the German chancellor and Gladstone, as a man who, not being great in himself, seems to fall in moral weight and consequence when removed from public office. One was a powerful and astute politician, the other is a man allied by nature and principle to all the progressive ideas of his age, an intellectual leader.



## Contributed and Selected.

## Her Star.

The East is all abloom, a garden bright  
Shedding upon the morn its rosy dyes;  
Deep in the brilliant glow a white star lies—  
A truant from the shining halls of night;—  
Tarrying to lose itself in heavenly light.  
I know a silent room whence patient eyes  
Once looked with joy to greet through east-  
ern skies  
The coming of the daystar, gleaming white.

O radiant planet, treading thy proud way,  
Through spaces infinite, to us unknown,  
Yet lingering till the coming of the day,  
To see the lovely earth from darkness free!  
Dost thou not miss the friend who greeted  
thee,  
And called the star of morning all her own?  
ALICE GORDON.

## The Bible and the Supernatural.

## I.

There are many people still, it would seem, people of a broad and cultured scholarship, whose sympathies are entirely with those who are pleading for greater liberty in religion, who fail to find an attitude with reference to the miraculous that completely satisfies. Such has been their experience, it may be, or such the most natural interpretation of those passages in their life's history that have been most helpful, that they hesitate to apply everywhere the leveling process of rationalism. It often happens that these men, by their general training, incline to reject the miraculous as a misinterpretation of the past. When asked with reference to a specific case, they say "I can not believe that the event occurred as narrated," yet they hesitate to say that such events can not occur, or never did occur.

There are two classes of scholars who reject the miraculous. One class rejects upon *a priori* grounds, affirming that the thing is impossible and that no amount of testimony can establish the fact that a single miracle has ever occurred. Another class is made up of those students who are purely historical in their investigations. They study carefully the character of the testimony and affirm that it is much easier to explain the origin of the testimony than to accept its substance. They profess to find an element in testimony as it existed in the past that unfits it to speak conclusively upon what to-day is called breach of natural order. Notwithstanding the fact that many theological students now hold to one or the other of the above views, they are expected to "believe in the divine origin of Christianity." Just what this latter ought to mean, or does mean, to such men, may often seem a matter of doubt.

May we overlook the fact of Christianity's claim to offer a supernatural, divine revelation? Dr. A. Kuenen answers, "No. One of the most important facts in religious history is the rise of this belief among the Jews, and its development by the Christian world." Here is a great historical fact. A profound movement permeating society everywhere, and always interpreted as a supernatural movement. This fact we must acknowledge and explain it if we can. As soon as we look about us we see that this claim is by no means unique. Other religions make practically the same claims. Zoroaster, Sakya Muni and Mahomet are regarded by their followers as inspired men, sent by God. To the Brahmin the Vedas are a divine book, and certain beliefs about Sakya Muni are an essential part of his religion. To the Mohammedan the Koran is a divine book; as the Christian reverences his Bible, so the Arab cherishes his Koran. Its word is final. And an additional part of the Arab's religion is a certain belief about Mahomet. To say Mahomet was only an ordinary man like his fellows would be to endanger the

soul of the unbeliever. W. Robertson Smith argues that the first stages of a religious movement are not concerned with the creed, but with the cult, and later the creed grows up as an interpretation of the cult after its primitive significance has been forgotten or outgrown. That this is true in the development of Christianity seems evident. A study of other religions seems to show that everywhere the process of growth has been the same; first the institution and later the creed, as an interpretation of the institution. While Sakya Muni lived, questions as to his personality were irrelevant; but after his death a certain belief regarding his person was thought necessary to the enjoyment of his religion. The same holds true in regard to the church's conception of the person of the Christ. It was not until Jesus was taken from the disciples that they began to conceive him as other than man. But later speculation, building upon the Gospel tradition, said that such a view of his person was inadequate as an explanation of the facts of his life. He was more than, or different from the normal man. At a still later stage a certain belief about his person is regarded as an essential requisite to the enjoyment of his kingdom. The history of revealed religions, universally, I think, shows that they have developed in a way similar to that just indicated. Now, as a matter of fact, these beliefs are merely an interpretation of actual occurrences, and are unworthy our credence or acceptance except in so far as they coincide with our increased knowledge. The ancients believed that the sun revolved about the earth, the phrase "setting sun" being an interpretation of an obvious fact. But it is a misinterpretation, and we are under no obligation whatever to retain the expression referred to. The writer of the first Gospel believed that the earth was flat. Luke, the physician, scorned the idea that the blood circulates; and John, following Job, believed that the stars were gems set in a sea of glass. These primitive notions are mere interpretations of obvious fact, but they are misinterpretations and we feel under no obligation to accept them because the authors of our New Testament did so.

As Christianity exists to-day, certain beliefs have become an integral part of the system, but it by no means follows that such was originally the case, or that such ought now to be the fact. Moreover, it is evident that in our study we shall be misled if we start on the basis of these beliefs to investigate primitive religion. For these beliefs are couched in scientific and metaphysical terms that have lost their original meaning, and perhaps been altogether supplanted by riper conceptions. In studying any ancient religion, then, it is evident that we must, at the outset, abandon later beliefs about that religion, and study in their habits, morals and institutions the individual and national lives which those beliefs sought to interpret. When once it is decided to take this point of view, much may be learned from the later creeds and developments, but the opposite course is sure to end in confusion and disaster.

A. B. C.

## ABILITY means responsibility.

Never true poet lived and sung in vain,  
Lost if his name and withered if his  
wreath,  
The thoughts he woke an element  
remain.  
—Lytton.

THE great mistake in all living is the keeping of two separate selves; one that would be and one that is. There is always some way of uniting the two.—Mrs. Whitney.

## Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF UNITY:—Did not your pen slip when, in the last UNITY, you stated that "Rev. Mr." and "Dr. Mr." were similar combinations? Is not Reverend or Reverendus an adjective, and can we not say "the to be revered (or revered) John Smith or Mr. Smith" as we choose? "Dr. Mr." is a different combination.

But my real object in noticing this matter is to ask why we do not drop the *Rev.* entirely and fall back on simple *Mr.* We have abandoned the thought that the minister is different in kind from his fellow-Christians. He is no more to be revered than other good men. His calling need not be designated every time his name is mentioned more than that of his fellow workers in the church. The reporters make such a jumble of the title that we may wisely relieve them by dropping it. They give us not only "Rev. Smith," but "Rev. Mrs. Smith" and "Mrs. Rev. Smith," and doubtless, we shall soon have the younger Smiths included in the list of persons to be sacredly revered, as of different clay from their fellow mortals.

F. W. PLACE.

Our correspondent is doubtless correct in his view of the original use of the term "Reverend," but custom, good or bad, seems to have raised it from the degree of a mere adjective and given it the rank of an honorary title, which is the ground of our objection to its use with other titles.—ED.

## A Word for the University of Michigan.

EDITOR UNITY:—Your notice of Mr. J. W. Waterman's gift to the University of \$20,000 for a gymnasium, will hardly be accepted as just by the friends of that institution. I have known the University quite intimately for over eleven years, and during that time there has not been a single riot among the students. False and exaggerated rumors have found their way into the papers, which have misled many; but the real fact is, that no school in this country has a better record for gentlemanly deportment among its students than has this University. It is worth remembering that over 2,000 students are there, under no police surveillance, and bound by no written rules of conduct, but solely governed by their individual sense of honor. And that honor has never been stained, except in a few individual instances. With a man like Dr. Angell at the head of affairs, you find "an increasing sense of manly dignity and a sounder ethical consciousness," are not wanting. I trust UNITY will ever throw its influence in favor of physical culture as a necessity in all our schools of learning, and will say naught to check the spirit of liberality, which will soon place a splendid gymnasium upon our campus, and help our students to cultivate their bodies as well as their minds.

T. P. WILSON.

DEAR UNITY:—In the issue of UNITY dated Jan. 29th, 1891, a correspondent inquires about the "Church of the Isolated." Being one of that mystic church, patiently waiting for our leader, I offer a few suggestions which I take from the summary of the original manuscript written on the subject for the New York Conference last fall. It is as follows:

1st. Every Church of the Isolated, or Mission Church must be born out of necessity. Our work must mainly consist in creating the necessity.

2d. All forces brought to the work must *per se* carry their own laws, no arbitrary laws being given. Organize the church in counties, no matter how isolated and scattered the membership may be. Let the meetings be as frequent as possible, but at least yearly. At the yearly meeting Unitarian prin-

ciples should be ably put forward. Make the church a necessity to the everyday life, ministering on all occasions.

In addition, I would suggest the appointment of one minister for three or four counties, thus making the churches self-supporting. And lastly, let the Conferences offer to recognize such churches.

B. J. PALMER.

**I took Cold,  
I took Sick,  
I TOOK**

**SCOTT'S  
EMULSION**

RESULT:  
**I take My Meals,  
I take My Rest,**  
AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE  
ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON;  
**getting fat too, FOR Scott's**  
**Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil**  
**and Hypophosphites of Lime and**  
**Soda NOT ONLY CURED MY Incip-**  
**ient Consumption BUT BUILT**  
**ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING**  
**FLESH ON MY BONES**  
AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I  
TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS I DO MILK.  
SUCH TESTIMONY IS NOTHING NEW.  
SCOTT'S EMULSION IS DOING WONDERS  
DAILY. TAKE NO OTHER.

## MARTIN LUTHER

## AND OTHER ESSAYS.

BY DR. F. H. HEDGE.

CONTENTS:—Martin Luther, Count Zinzendorf and the Moravians, Christianity in Conflict with Hellenism, Feudal Society, Conservatism and Reform, Rev. William E. Channing, D.D., Science and Faith, Classic and Romantic, The Steps of Beauty, Ethical Systems, Ghost Seeing, Personality, The Theism of Reason and the Theism of Faith.

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## Church Door Pulpit.

### Moral Sickness.

BY JAMES VILA BLAKE.

*Given at Third Unitarian Church, Chicago, Jan. 25, 1891. Published by a friend and former member of the church who revisited it on that Sunday.*

They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.—Matt. 9: 12.

I have to speak of the sick. The first thing they make us think of is the excellence of health. To sound health everything is easy; to great, abounding, lively, stirring, ruddy, vivacious health, all is beautiful and gracious. Disease is peevish, discontented. If one be well and sound every whit, all earth and sky is radiant, human nature is satisfying, all things seem in their right places; a wise content and good-nature fill us, showing us how to help the world along without growling at it meantime. Constant grumblers are like to be as disordered as the matters they grumble at; at any rate, they disorder us, sicken us in mind. Health is large, diffusive, magnificent. It has a range like to a fine telescope, showing the order of nature and bringing distant glories to view.

How much better we deal with the sick at this day, than did ancient times, and even the days but just past. It matters not so much where or when the strong and well live. They make their own conditions. They may live healthfully in a jungle, fill a pine-barren with sports. But if a man be sick, let him be glad that he lives in these days. In old times men thought diseases came of demons and imps; wherefore medicine was sunk in spells and enchantments. The insane especially, those sad sick people, the saddest of all, were chained, tortured, thrown naked into dungeons, with cruelties too horrible to tell. In some savage races all the feeble babies are killed or let die, and the women-children continually destroyed, so that some tribes consist almost wholly of men; and in nomadic life, when tribes wander from place to place, often we find the custom of killing the old people and the helpless sick because it is impossible to carry them about. But in our day and place, all this is changed. We treat the sick with care and with science. Spells and witchery have fled, skill and learning have come. Humanity surrounds the sad unsound of mind with gentle, pacifying influences, with cheerful things. I have learned that the good physician comes very near to one, being often as medicinal to the soul by his kind and gracious presence as to the body by his simples.

Well, there is other sort of sickness besides the fevers and humors of the body. I mean the ills with which the soul may be sick. And when we speak of these ills, moral sickness, truly who is well? Some are not so ill as others; but who is all sound? We are all lame or blind or deaf, or indeed a little of each; not limping badly perhaps, nor stone blind, nor stone deaf, but color-blind perhaps, or of dim vision, sluggish hearing, bad gait. All around us seraphic sights shine, beauties of sky, earth, water, splendid miracles of light. Yet we see so badly that barely we hobble along a straight path with eyes fixed on the road, not beholding the handsome sights. The day and the night are "filled with music"; ineffable beauties of sound pour over us from every side like the flood of tones from a grand orchestra; yet barely we can hear enough to buy and sell, so sick is the inner ear of the soul. Ah! in respect of this great health, this health of soul, who is altogether sound? Who is strong and hale every whit? Truly, we are all sick together. Let us have mercy one on another, and let those who happily are the stronger nurse those who are very sick.

What manner of physician should we think him who, being called to a sufferer should fall straightway into a great rage with his patient's disease and be very angry with the sick man? We should say to him, "Physician, first heal thyself of thy heat and then physic my inflammation. What! wilt thou bathe my fever while thou art so raging hot that the lotion dries in thy hand? Out on thee! Go, get cool and calm. When thou art master of thyself, come and master my illness." Xenophon relates that "a person being angry because on saluting another he was not saluted in return, Socrates said, 'It is an odd thing that if you had met a man ill-conditioned in body you would not have been angry, but to have met a man rudely disposed in mind provokes you.'" Bad points of character surely are moral sickness, and he will not aid them who is angered with them. He will be a very bad physician for his neighbor's fault who is simply angry at him for that illness, or so disgusted with it that he can not come near to cure it. The shades of moral disease are infinitely more delicate than bodily disorders. Of course, like physical maladies, some are more repulsive than others. Also there is another analogy; for some moral ills bear in themselves the proof that the sufferer is to blame for them. Notwithstanding, they are all sicknesses, and to be angry or disgusted or impatient with them leaves little wisdom for curing them; nay, also the anger, disgust, impatience, are diseases, and all must be sentenced to the infirmary together.

One person is very mean, small-minded. He hoards and scrapes together all he can, and becomes a little, mean, dried-up miser, whose nature nobody respects, whose companionship no one seeks. Or he may spend enough of his substance, but in a selfish way. Around himself he may heap elegance and abundance, but be one who never runs a risk or incurs an expense to help others or to improve the world. Inveterate selfishness gets very speedily into the face. Such persons always look as small as they are. Examine yourselves; decide whether in the past year you have made any generous sacrifices of time or property to help the unfortunate or uplift the fallen. If not, be sure you are growing ugly in countenance. Your face is shrinking, to be pinched, cold, void of light, fervor or genius. But this is a sickness. Let no one be angry. We must try to rouse the unfortunates, as we do the victims of narcotic poisons.

Another person is very contented with himself, satisfied with his own condition and knowledge. He has read and thought little; perhaps is very young, or still worse, has grown old in his vanity. He thinks he knows the things worth knowing; he is unconscious that he is a bundle of ignorant, unreasoning prejudices. He is like to be foolishly touchy, prone to mistake a raw vanity for dignity. If he be so unhappy as to start with small education, he continues ignorant, having not enough humility to learn. The hesitation, caution, self-examination of the wise man or careful scholar, are unknown to him. But this is his disease. How to pity it so well as to deal with it curatively, is the kind and right question.

Another person is spiteful. He thinks himself neglected and is angry about it. The truth is that he is selfish, grasping, does nothing if he can help it without payment, is offended easily, and very suspicious; not careful to give the same attention which he exacts, and therefore not always trustworthy. You find he fails you when you have depended on him. He will undertake, perhaps, but will be unfaithful to his undertaking, or suddenly throw it off, if he can not have his way in everything. When

on these accounts you withdraw your confidence, or find him too uncomfortable to work with, he will be very spiteful and rejoice in your difficulties or misfortunes. This is a bad sickness. What will you do with the victims of it? Do we turn the sick out into the cold? You will say perhaps, "But such disagreeable characters ought to do better; it is their responsibility to be more pleasant and sociable." True; but if they feel not so, or obstinately are spiteful notwithstanding some suspicion of their own character, what is that but the saddest part of the sickness? Surely we can not turn away all the bad illness and please ourselves with easy victories over mild disorders.

Another person is rough and prides himself on it. He calls it strength or honesty. In very fact, he is exceedingly ill-bred, unmannerly, coarse and vulgar. But he calls it manliness. He is always obtruding on you his contempt for that observance which we have agreed to call good manners. He asks you to notice that he has nothing lily-fingered about him—not he. He believes in speaking his mind in his own way. He is downright, and no nonsense about him. He hates your dressed-up manners. He is hearty and honest. He often challenges you to show a man whom ever he has wronged in the least; while the fact is that he is wronging every one in the room by his boorishness. That is his sickness. He can not see himself so. "When I was a lad," says Theophrastus Such, "I danced a hornpipe with arduous scrupulosity, and while suffering pangs of pallid shyness, was yet proud of my superiority as a dancing pupil, imagining for myself a high place in the estimation of beholders; but I can now picture the amusement they had in the incongruity of my solemn face and ridiculous legs. What sort of hornpipe am I dancing now?" I know not what unconscious malady I may have. If I bear not with my neighbor, who shall bear with me?

Other persons float like cockle-shells bobbing about on a shallow flat. They are absorbed always in small things. They can talk of nothing but petty miseries, unless indeed sometimes they attain to discourse of little pleasures. Small social rumors, little housekeeping items, business cares, fill them altogether. They are very good people, but sadly uninteresting, even irritating; as dry as Sahara sand and continually stirred up by some simoom till our eyes and ears smart. This is their sickness. It is hard to treat, but the first step is to remember that it is a sickness.

One trait of modern medicine is the diminishing of suffering while curing. This has been sought ardently and wonderfully achieved. By ingenious appliances pain is avoided carefully except just so far as it is needful to the cure. So it should be in our treatment of moral sickness. A friend said to me, "I feel we ought to have such kindness as to be kind to the unkind, and I think this is not little or mean-spirited." That is the right and noble way; it is the way which the great and good of all ages have taught. Just judgment may be needful. So may be prudence. It may be right to censure. It may be necessary to take precautions and be on our guard. But one ever-present condition of all right action is to know that my neighbor's unkindness is a sickness, and that I ought to be proof against the same contagion in my treatment of him.

When I see persons hating others, or when I feel in myself those implacable emotions, I rebuke them by three thoughts:

1. I say to myself, every one is as dear to God as I am. No matter how disagreeable to me any one be or how implacably I may let myself dislike him; it is certain that the infinite love

assembles him with me into one embrace. He has as much right to be. He has a place assigned him. He has possibilities not yet apparent, not even dreamed of. He is as dear to the heart of God. By this I rebuke rising enmity and put down imperious disgust; for no one, when he thinks of it, will wish to hate the personal substance which God loves.

I find many noble sayings in the old Stoics which utter these thoughts, thus:

"Like the best of parents who smile at the reproaches of their children, God does not cease to heap his bounty on him who denies its source, but distributes blessings among all nations by impartial laws; for all his power is to do good, and mildly does he bear with the errors of wandering souls."

"My kindness is not returned. How shall I act? Like God, most bountiful author of all things, who begins to bless us in our ignorance and keeps on doing so in our ingratitude."

2. My second rebuking thought is this: I remember that many persons have disliked me very much. Therefore, when I begin to feel aversion, I reason thus.—If I hate this person, others do not; for as I have had those that hated me and those that loved me, so has he. Now, it will be a very foolish conceit and vanity in me if I declare fiercely that I am right in hating him and all the others wrong who love him. I am obliged to see that persons have hated me for being to their minds what in fact I am not, if I may trust many equally honest and intelligent people who love me contrariwise. Therefore, if my own experience be a guide, I see nothing is so blind as hate. Nay, I remember that I have sometimes won over a person who hated me, and that I myself have begun with aversion, and ended with love. Therefore, tread softly on this ground. Be very wary. Suspect your rising hatred of unreasonableness, of blindness, of vanity. If so it be ruled and curbed, you will act wisely and well in the imperfect light, and belike have to face no shameful mistakes when you see more clearly. And let this fact be full of warning to us, that, namely, we hate people as soon as we begin to injure them. It is very hard to love any one whom you have hurt willfully. Likewise, we love persons whom we benefit. Wherefore, if resolutely we heap on those who displease us the benefit of our caution and good temper, and such kindness as occasion may serve for, 'tis ten to one that soon we shall see good things in those persons and be blessed with a rising kindness within us.

3. My third rebuking thought is that it is hard to judge of the size and importance of an object which is very close to the eye. Placed near enough, a grain of sand will shut out all the heavens. We are so close to our affairs and troubles, nay, we are so mixed up with them, that we can not view them from any point of advantage where we can see things in their true order. We go whirling with a torrent. I say to myself, "How will things look to me ten years hence, or if that be not enough, after a hundred years, when from a higher place I may look back on my little quarrels, on my small piques and revenges? Truly in that serene air I shall be sorry I was overcome by these things. I shall see that I missed the generous and beautiful way by reason of vanity and blindness."

Plutarch noticed that cruelty often must be laid to the account of hurry. He says, "Which of us all is so cruel as to torment or scourge a servant because five or ten days before he burned the meat, or overturned the table, or did not soon enough what he was bidden? And yet it is for just such things as these while they are fresh and newly done that we are so disordered and become cruel and implacable."



ble." But if five or ten days be enough for this repentance in many things, how will our reprisals and retaliations appear when we have climbed the hill of years, and seated calmly on that serene top, adjust the telescope of wisdom to bring remote things near that we may judge of their real quality? When I think of this, my present self begins to have an awe of my coming self. I am afraid of being heated in little things that will seem very mean to me by and by, and the heat the meanest of all. Emerson says somewhere (if memory serve me) that when he has attended some heated debate, some great meeting where men waxed fierce in some mighty struggle of ideas, some reform meeting perhaps, he has gone out into the cool air, and under the still sky where the stars shone, moving so noiselessly in their mighty cycles, and those remote orbs seemed to cry in chorus to him, "What! so hot, my little Sir!"

I leave these three rules with you:

1. Think that each one is as dear to God as you are.
2. Think, if you be inclining to hate, that others love that person and that some have hated you.
3. Think how things will look to you by and by from afar, and let your life be large.

There are so many beautiful things to know and to think of, that we may be too nobly busy for ignoble nothings to disturb us. Walking on the earth, if we look up into the sky, there are the starry heavens, with all their majesty and mystery, to entrance the mind and literally to transport us with bliss to live awhile in those eternal deeps. If we look about us on our level, we are in those heavens more mysterious still of which animated beings are the stars; we gaze into the vistas of human history and the yet unmeasured depths of human nature. Even if we turn our eyes to the bare path we walk on, the earth's breast teems with wonders of life in plants and creeping things; fish fret the waters, birds beat the air; and the mineral kingdom says to us, "Lo! even in us is an infinity; experiment forever and yet you shall never know all the wonders that are in us, all the transformations we can make, the crystals we can form!" A friend writes me in a letter, "Somehow I live on the brink of some expectation to do something much better than I have done ever in the past." That is the reward of a large and serene life not vexed by little things passing by. The beautiful fact is that, if we be faithful and generous in living, we can not tell when we are doing the "something much better." It gets done by us or through us when we sit down tired to rest awhile by the wayside, and some stranger approaches to whom, in the wonder of divine Providence we are "he that was to come;" or when we are all wrapped in some endeavor, not thinking of any immense value in it. If the lowly spirit, that simply lives faithfully and lives well, could know all the good it does, it might sink in awe of the greatness of its work, of the majestic countenance of its own life.

EVERY life is a new life. Every day is a new day—like nothing that ever went before, or can ever follow after. No books—no systems—no forecast set of rules, can provide for all cases; every case is a new case. And just as in any earthly enterprise, the conduct of a campaign, or the building of a bridge, unforeseen difficulties and unexpected disasters must be met by that inexhaustible fertility of invention which belongs to those who do not live to God second-hand. We must live to God first-hand.—F. W. Robertson.

No service degrades that can better our race.—Bronte.

## The Study Table.

*The Fruits of Culture.—Church and State.* By Count Leo Tolstoy. Boston: Benj. R. Tucker, 1891. Cloth, price, each, 50 cts. Paper, 25 cts.

The first of the above is a drama dealing with the relations of the peasant class of Russia to their idle and self-indulgent employers, showing all the hardened selfishness, superficiality and vulgarity that belong to certain types of the so-called cultured classes. We think, however, the author made a serious mistake to name his work "Fruits of Culture." The satire, though it contains a truth, is unworthy and misleading, and the term "Culture" should, with the author of "Karenina," be preserved for its highest and only legitimate use. The drama is not pleasant reading, nor, for the extreme pessimism of its general plot and conclusion, very profitable; yet it is as necessary in these days to read Tolstoy's latest utterance, as the cable dispatches reporting the latest news from France or Ireland. Modern Spiritualism figures prominently in the plot and plays a mischievous part in adding to the general moral confusion. The work is much too long for the dramatic form in which it is cast, and it is impossible to imagine any effective stage representation of scenes so prolix in dialogue and commonplace in matter.

"Church and State" presents in a series of five essays the author's views on Church and State, Money, Man and Woman, the Mother, and a second supplement to the "Kreutzer Sonata." It goes without saying that each essay is replete with sayings as brilliant as profound. Count Tolstoy deals bravely and searchingly with all of the great questions disclosed in this list of topics. He speaks truth for the most part; yet it is so often truth half-stated, or stated with such a mixture of passion and prejudice, that the effect is that of direct falsehood. This is only to say that Count Tolstoy is more of a seer and prophet than a philosopher. He teaches better in the form of fiction than in the soberer guise of the essayist. He has neither the patience nor the skill required for that full, harmonious, unbiased treatment of a topic demanded in the essay. This last work will, therefore, be found more suggestive than satisfactory. It will help to keep people thinking on those living questions of the day already the subject of earnest discussion among all classes. "Church and State" appears here in its original published form, the translation being by Victor Yarrows.

*The Bible Abridged.* For Families and Schools. Arranged by the Rev. David Greene Haskins, S. T. D. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co., 1890.

Abridged Bibles, or selections from the Old and New Testaments are likely to be more and more called for. The habit of reading the whole Bible through in course, or the feeling that it is a sort of sacrilege for the minister to omit any part of his Sunday morning chapter, is well outgrown. But when it comes to making abridgments, we shall have to discriminate. Some will be good; more, it will be safe to say, will be poor.

The one before us, as the compiler says, has been made "in accordance with a well-considered and definite plan." We do not need to look far to find that the "plan" is to make the book tell as much as possible for the interests of traditional orthodoxy. There is a complete ignoring of the results of modern criticism in the titles and dates that are prefixed to the lessons. For example, the subject of the first lesson is, "The Creation.—B. C. 4004." Then we find, "The Flood.—B. C. 2348." "The Building of the Tower of Babel.—B. C. 2247." "Moses born.—B. C. 1571." "God meets Moses upon Sinai. B. C. 1491." "Elisha appointed to succeed Elijah.—B. C. 906." While readings from the Jewish prophets are entitled: "Of the Coming and Birth of Christ," "The preaching of John the Baptist," "Christ: His Ministers: His Church," "His Sufferings foretold," "The Office of Christ," "The Reign of Christ foretold," etc.

Another point which we should criticize is the proportion of space given the several parts of the Bible. The book contains 399 pages; of these only 155 pages are given to Old Testament quotations, and not much less than half of these are made up of extracts from Genesis and the books of Kings. We are confident that the best abridgment will contain more of Old Testament than of New Testament, when the sense of noble literature rises above the demand for dogmatic theology.

*Christian Types of Heroism.* By John Coleman Adams D.D. Boston: Universalist Publishing House.

This is a very attractive little book, and forms a very pleasant popular introduction to Christian history. The subjects are well chosen, and treated sympathetically. They are as follows: "The Martyrs," "The Apologists," "The Hermits and the Monks," "The Prelates and the Knights," "The Reformers," "The Missionaries," "The Philanthropists," and "The Statesmen." It is interesting to find our author taking Abraham Lincoln as the highest type of the Christian statesman—not surpassed by Gladstone—the man whom no sect could claim, who was so unorthodox that he could not be prevailed upon to confess any form of Christian faith.

*Life.* By M. J. Savage. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis, 141 Franklin street. 1890.

Another book from Mr. Savage's prolific tongue! It is to be hoped that the brilliant Hibernicism contained in the foregoing exclamation will not pass unobserved. This latest volume of sermons from Boston's Pulpit of the Unity consists of a series on Life and deals with living questions of the day, like "Mr. Bellamy's Nationalism," as well as living questions of the ages, like "What is it all for?" and "The Problem of Pain." Were it not for the fear lest the feeble pun be either too obvious or not obvious enough, we should like to add that Mr. Savage's admirers have felt sure all along that discourses so fresh and inspiring as his would soon come to be pretty thoroughly stereotyped. May the printed page long continue to carry his words to that large circle of distant parishioners who depend so largely upon him for help in adjusting life to religion and religion to life.

THE *Perthshire Magazine* contains some interesting notes on the author of "Festus." Mr. Bailey is to give up his Blackheath home. He has been staying in Edinburgh, and may settle down at Nottingham, his early home. In conversation with Mr. Hadden, the editor of the *Perthshire*, Mr. Bailey repudiates the idea of Professor Flint that "Festus" is a Pantheistic work. "No man can read my book, my preface even, and declare that I am a Pantheist. I believe in a personal God, and I do not believe in a God who rolls through all space." Mr. Bailey hopes to issue a volume of short poems, and will very likely incorporate it with the next edition of "Festus."

ANOTHER piece of appreciative Browning criticism reaches us in the shape of a printed essay by Mary H. Hull of Evanston on "Pippa Passes," prepared with an introductory letter by Frances E. Willard, who describes the writer of the essay as an admirer of the poet "not too devout to be intelligent." Pippa's way is Browning's, says Mrs. Hull. Each sings "with reference alone to God and his truth." The essay is followed by some explanatory notes, and the publishers' work is very tasteful. We should choose, however, to dispense with the portrait.

D. LOTHROP COMPANY have started a new illustrated monthly called *The Story Teller*. Each number consists of a complete serial story. The first number, that of November, contained a story of adventure, "The Silver City," by Fred A. Ober; the December issue consisted of a story of Western life, "Two Young Homesteaders," by Mrs. Theodora R. Jenness, and the January serial is "The Dogberry Bunch," by Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood. *The Story Teller* costs \$1.50 per year, and is excellent literature for young people.

F. A. BROCKHAUS, Leipzig, has issued the first volume of an encyclopaedia in the Russian language edited by Prof. J. E. Andrejewskij, of St. Petersburg; the first undertaking of the kind for the Russian people which promises to end successfully, all others having ended disastrously. The work will cover sixteen or eighteen volumes, each to be fully illustrated, and furnished with maps on the plan of Brockhaus' famous "Conversations-Lexikon."

ANYTHING from the still hidden author of "Miss Toosey's Mission" and "Laddie" is welcome, and the little story of "Zoe" recently published by the Roberts Brothers is of the kind that stays because it mellow the heart. There is something more revealing than music, and the organist in this story finds at last keys more soulful than those of his favorite instrument.

"Tim's Fairy Tales," by S. W. P., issued by the Lily Publishing House of this city, is a story whose didactic intent is very obtrusive. The author, in order to bring out the power of mind over body, and the curative quality of a hopeful spirit, has taken some serious liberties with some of the laws which medical science and human experience have pretty well established.

"A Cup of Cold Water" and "The Seamless Robe," from "The Faith that makes Faithful," have been translated into German, and neatly published by a Berlin house. The translator has in mind, we understand, further translations from the same volume.

## The Newest Books.

*The Crystal Button.* By Chauncey Thomas. Ed. by George Houghton. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 302. Price, \$1.25.

*Church and State.* Count Leo Tolstoy. Boston: Benj. R. Tucker. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 169. Price, 50 cts., paper, 25 cts.

*Lowell's Works.* Vols. III and IV Poetical, V and VI Prose. Boston: Houghton Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 16mo. Price, \$1.50 per vol.

*Gustavus Adolphus.* By C. R. L. Fletcher. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 316. Price, \$1.50.

*The Future of Science.* By Ernest Renan. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 491. Price, \$2.50.

*English Prose.* By John Earle, M. A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 8vo, pp. 539. Price, \$3.50.

*Hegel, Philosophical Classics.* By William T. Harris, L.L.D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 403. Price, \$1.50.

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## Notes from the Field.

**Boston.**—The Monday Club lately discussed the work of a pastor—his pulpit preparation, visiting non-church-goers, serving near and distant families at call, primary work (secondary work, should he or his trustees do it?), work for the town, work in town politics, town schools and charities, saving his strength against a pulpit charge.

—Continued interest holds in the project of maintaining at the A. U. A. rooms an agent of the Union of Unity Clubs, Guilds and all kindred societies.

—Rev. H. F. Bond, late of the Crow Indian mission, has, since his retirement and return home, found chances to add to the list of its friends and also to its finances. His address is 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

—A beautiful memorial window has just been placed in All Souls Church, in this city (Roxbury suburb), in memory of Mrs. H. B. Williams, who has acted for so many years among our foremost Unitarian charity workers.

—Prof. J. H. Allen bade adieu to his Boston friends last week on starting upon a Californian tour. He will preach in New Orleans Feb. 8, and later at many places on his Pacific route.

—A new Unitarian Laymen's Club has started in Brighton suburb by inspiration from the pastor, Rev. Albert Walkley, for several years a minister in western pulpits.

—A third edition of Rev. M. J. Savage's Catechism is in press. It contains a few amended questions and answers. In the frequent discussions on the pamphlet held in our county conferences it is gratifying to hear that most of the radical matter of the Catechism is recognized as already in the atmosphere of our communities and as acceptable to many persons of different denominations from that of the author.

**North Dakota.**—A letter just received from Rev. Helen G. Putnam tells the story of a recent missionary jaunt which has the flavor of the old time Methodist itinerancy. She was met at the railroad station by a P. O. M. correspondent, drove with him eight miles to his "dug-out" home, on the Sunday following rode twenty-eight or thirty miles over the prairies to visit scattered liberal families, and on Monday evening preached to a full schoolhouse on "The way to make heavenly homes on earth." Tuesday she had a social and singing meeting at the house of one of the friends and on Wednesday rode twelve miles to La Moure where she utilized the time while waiting for an evening train by holding service in the town hall, where an audience of from sixty to seventy assembled on short notice to hear her. She was cordially invited to come again and promised a full house. Thus, in truly pioneer fashion she is finding out the scattered flock of the "Church of the Isolated" and ministers to their needs.

**Chattanooga, Tenn.**—We are indebted to Miss Mary E. Bailey for the following: "Two years since the first Unitarian Society of Chattanooga was organized and Rev. E. D. Towle became our pastor. During these years services have been held in a hall. February 1, Sunday-school and services were held for the first time in our new church home. The Monday previous, the ladies' society held a meeting in the church parlor. The evening of February 2, the Herbert Spencer class assembled in the reception room. After business, worship, study, a social time. No one is in a hurry to leave so homelike a place and every room seems to bid you welcome, especially those occupied by the pastor's family. The time for dedication has not yet been decided. The Unitarian Fair, held in December, realized four hundred dollars. The outlook for Unitarianism in Chattanooga is most encouraging in every respect."

**Denver, Col.**—We are in receipt of the Year-Book of the First Unitarian Society of Denver, for 1890-91. It is a pamphlet of forty-four pages, giving the names of officers and members of the church and reporting its various activities. The reports indicate a growing and successful church. "The Secretary's report shows an enrollment of two hundred and twenty-six scholars with an average attendance of one hundred and sixty." The school has adopted a system of graded lessons. They have "a reserve corps" of teachers, and teachers' meetings are held before the morning service and at the close of the school session, when occasion requires. The society have employed Rev. Ernest C. Smith, as assistant minister for six months from January 1, to act in concert with the pastor, Rev. Samuel A. Eliot.

**Fortnightly Sermons.**—The Third Church Publishing committee is issuing, as heretofore, the Fortnightly Sermon by James Vila Blake. We have received a triple number, 9, 10, 11, on Burden Bearing, published January 1, and number 12, entitled "A Happy New Year," January 15. This is now the second year and volume two of these interesting discourses. The price of the Fortnightly Sermon is 50 cents a year, postpaid. Single sermons 5 cents. Address Third Church Publishing Committee, 917 West Monroe St. Chicago.

**The Chicago Unitarian Club.**—The last meeting was held at the rooms of the Western Unitarian Headquarters, Friday evening, January thirteenth. About fifty people were present. The meeting was called to order by Mr. Wilkinson at half-past eight. Mr. W. M. Salter read his paper on the "Problem of the Unemployed," which was followed by a short but animated discussion. After a few minutes spent in exchanging greetings the club adjourned.

CAROLINE HOWE, Sec'y.

**Kendallville, Ind.**—A correspondent writes as follows: "On Jan. 11, Charles H. Fitch (who was last year at the Harvard Divinity School, and has since been studying with Rev. J. H. Crooker) preached in the Opera House morning and evening. On the following Tuesday a People's Church was organized, and incorporated with a board of trustees, who called Mr. Fitch to the pastorate. Interest and attendance at services is steadily increasing, and there is every promise of an enduring liberal church."

**Geneseo, Ill.**—The First Unitarian Society has extended a call to Mr. James Minnick, late of Meadville, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Miller. The society is to be congratulated on having avoided the long interregnum which often occurs between the retirement of a minister, especially the pastor of many years, and the finding of the new leader. Mr. and Mrs. Minnick are cordially welcomed to their new home by the Geneseo friends.

**North Platte, Neb.**—Rev. D. N. Hartley is giving a series of Labor Lectures at the Unitarian Church, North Platte. The subject of the fourth lecture, January 18, was, "Organization of Labor." We hear that interest in the Unitarian services is extending among the employees of the railroad shops located at that point, and that Mr. Hartley's work is cordially sustained by the people.

**Monroe, Wis.**—The choir and Sunday-school of the Universalist church have been giving successful Sunday evening entertainments in the church. "We were among the unfortunates who arrived too late to get within six feet of the door," writes the reporter of a Monroe paper.

**St. Joseph, Mo.**—The St. Joseph Daily Herald of February 2, publishes the sermon delivered Sunday evening, February 1, in the Unitarian church, by the minister, Rev. J. C. F. Grumbine, on "Satan's Origin and Destruction."

**Champaign, Ill.**—Mrs. Celia P. Woolley, Assistant Editor of UNITY, gave a paper on "The Humor of George Eliot," on the evening of January 29, before the Political Economy Club, of which Mrs. Clara G. Forbes is the leader.

### Western Unitarian Conference.

The treasurer reports the following receipts for current expenses.

From Unity Church, Sioux City, Ia . . .	\$100.00
From Unitarian Church, Geneseo, Ill . . . . .	25.00
	\$125.00

### ON ENDOWMENT FUND.

From Rev. Mary A. Safford, Sioux City, Ia . . . . .	25.00
From Rev. W. C. Gannett, Rochester, N. Y. . . . .	500.00
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**Buffalo Express:**—One must go far before finding more incentive to break loose from the habit most of us have of letting other people do our thinking for us, than there is in LIBERTY AND LIFE. Its author is earnest, honest and interesting.

**Albany Argus:**—The style is clear and forcible, and the author shows himself abreast of modern thought.

**Oberlin Review:**—If there is any helpful inspiration to be given by one who denies the personality of God, and adores "the working force of the Universe," of which "man is the factor," in his stead, this book gives that inspiration.

**Baltimore American:**—While there are very many poignant truths in this work, there are many views advanced which to the young, undeveloped mind, may prove dangerous.

**Saturday Herald:**—Mr. Powell writes with power. He has a clear, strong style. He is a man of war, but as he says, he does not fight religion, only theology.

**Literary World:**—Strong, even, bold essays on ethical and religious subjects. They are the work of a man of vigorous intellect who has studied the doctrine of evolution long and carefully, and has not found it necessary to abandon all his old reverences. The discourses are full of interest to the casual reader by reason of their fund of anecdote and biographical citation, and to the seeker for religious and moral truth they offer many helps.

**Christian Register:**—The title of this collection of discourses well expresses the elements they reveal. They ring with liberty and are surging with life. Though the author has a deep philosophy, he is careful in his sermons not to sink into the depths of profundity, or, on the other hand, to preach over the heads of his hearers. His terse, direct, ringing sentences strike home.

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To a surer issue.  
*Mon.*—Whoever fears God, fears to sit at ease.  
*Tues.*—The blue Heaven is larger than the cloud.  
*Wed.*—Measure not the work until the day is out and the labor is done.  
*Thurs.*—God keeps his holy mysteries  
Just on the outside of man's dreams.  
*Fri.*—The least flower with a brimming cup,  
may stand  
And share its dewdrop with another near.  
*Sat.*—And I smiled to think God's greatness  
Flowed around our incompleteness;  
Round our restlessness His rest.  
—E. B. Browning.

### The Little Messenger.

'Twas a little sermon preached to me  
By a sweet, unconscious child,  
A baby girl scarce four years old,  
With blue eyes, soft and mild.  
It happened on a rainy day;  
I, seated in a car,  
Was thinking, as I neared my home,  
Of the continual jar

And discord that pervade the air  
Of busy city life,  
Each caring but for "number one,"  
Self gain provoking strife.  
The gloomy weather seemed to cast  
On every face a shade;  
But on one countenance were lines  
By sorrow deeply laid.

With low-bowed head and hands clasped close  
She sat, so poor and old,  
Nor seemed to heed the scornful glance  
From eyes unkind and cold.  
I looked again. Oh, sweet indeed  
The sight that met my eyes!  
Sitting upon her mother's lap,  
With baby face so wise,

Was a wee child with sunny curls,  
Blue eyes and dimpled chin,  
And a young, pure and loving heart,  
Unstained as yet by sin.  
Upon the woman poor and sad  
Her eyes in wonder fell,  
Till wonder changed to pitying love,  
Her thoughts, Oh, who could tell?

Her tiny hands four roses held;  
She looked them o'er and o'er,  
Then, choosing out the largest one,  
She struggled to the floor.  
Across the swaying car she went  
Straight to the woman's side,  
And, putting in the wrinkled hand  
The rose, she ran to hide

Her little face in mother's lap,  
Fearing she had done wrong,  
Not knowing, baby as she was,  
That she had helped along  
The up-hill road of life a soul  
Cast down, discouraged quite,  
As on the woman's face there broke  
A flood of joyous light.

Dear little child, she was indeed  
A messenger of love  
Sent to that woman's lonely heart  
From the great Heart above.  
This world would be a different place  
Were each to give to those  
Whose hearts were sad as much of love  
As went with baby's rose.  
—Harper's Young People.

### A New England Sabbath.

A real New England snow storm set in last night. We found it here in full fury when we woke this morning. It took us wholly by surprise because at nine o'clock last evening, as we closed the cottage for the night, after bidding a neighbor good-night and watching the solitary figure glide homeward over the crust. The heavens were cloudless, the moon was so bright that it was like day, our gray cat was espied upon the meadow yonder, called home and put to bed. The view this morning was just what Whittier must have seen when he gave us "Snow Bound." It came blindingly from the north-east, sticking to window pane, and transforming everything. We felt a little anxious and sent to our out-building, where our winter stock of frozen meat is kept, for a supply. The church bells rang, but not a soul responded; only one team

passed our cottage and both man and beast looked like "sheeted ghosts."

The trees stood bravely up and received their burden, but the slender barberry and lilac bushes about the house, and the hemlocks across the field bent their frail boughs low to the ground, and were beautiful in their humility. I never watch a snow storm without thinking of those who love the country, yet, since childhood, seldom see it in winter. There is nothing that can quite compare for grandeur with such a sight. Even the leafless trees penciled against the winter sky are beautiful.

So pure, so spotless, so fresh from God's hand. Just three years ago that famous storm came that shut us in for days.

An active business man from Boston was visiting for a night his aged parents, and in speaking of being snow bound, he since said, "they were the happiest days of my latter life. I felt so sheltered in that home nest, with father and mother hovering about me, so free from the cares of life, so peaceful, with nothing about me but home and the snow. It was like a holy calm to my tired, overworked mind and body." Since then all three have gone home.

Are you wondering why I write this, and searching for the moral? It is in the simple plea for enjoying the beauties about us, and a deeper trust in the Ruler of the world. While we were saying "We shall be snow-bound," the big feathery flakes began to fall, then the storm abated and the sun broke through the clouds and shone in triumphal splendor upon this scene of purity. Our next fear was that the wind would rise and pile it mountains high; but no, the sun sank to rest in a bank of crimson cloud, the moon rose and all was quiet.

We have read aloud our weekly sermon and the good thought given us for to-day on the "Savage Calendar." We have sung our accustomed hymns, and now at 9:30 p. m. we are "safely through another day," and peace reigns without and within.

MRS. SARAH M. BAILEY.  
Hopkinton, N. H., Jan. 25, 1891.

### Peacocks in Their Hearts.

A Washington lady recently tried to impress upon her little girl the evil of personal vanity by drawing a picture of a human heart with a peacock in it. "Mamma, what does that mean?" queried the little one. "My child, it means when you have your new hat and dress on, and go to church thinking how fine and pretty you look, there is something ugly in your heart that is like this gorgeous bird, which is all fine feathers and nothing else. Its voice is a dreadful screech; it can't sing or say anything nice to anybody, only admire itself and strut about." The little girl's face grew very thoughtful. She was evidently taking in the lesson for future reference, as the result proved. For on Sunday morning papa appeared in a new suit of clothes, and he hitched about here and there before the dressing table, carefully noting how it fitted at every point. Meanwhile mamma had on her spring suit, with a nice new bonnet, and she spent much time before the glass putting the finishing touches to her elegant toilet. The little girl equally fresh and presentable, paid no attention to her new finery, but watched her parents from the vantage-ground of her little rocking chair. Finally, just as they were ready to start for church, the little one looked up innocently and said: "Mamma, have n't you and papa got a peacock in your hearts this morning? I felt mine coming, and I just said, 'Go away, bad bird, you can't come in here to-day. I'm going to church!'" —Mrs. E. L. Sherwood.

## The Sunday-School.

### TEMPERANCE LESSON.

"If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth."—PAUL.

1. The custom of drinking intoxicants among the ancients was largely a religious rite. Their banquets were begun with propitiatory libations to the deities. They had a childlike veneration for the process of fermentation, and the various liquors of those days were believed to be the source of inspiration and energy. As a natural result they were associated in their minds with reverence and worship. Soma, the intoxicant of India, was worshiped as containing the vivifying principle of the universe. They have a tradition that the plant from which the Soma is made was brought by a falcon from heaven.

This custom of drinking intoxicants did not continue for any great length of time to be considered a blessing. We find in both Roman and Grecian laws severe penalties for its use. In the days of Romulus a husband could kill his wife for drinking wine. Lycurgus commanded annually that the slaves should be intoxicated, and of the orgies ensuing the Spartan youths should be made spectators in order to infuse in them aversion to drink. Tradition is full of warning on this theme. One from the Talmud pictures Satan offering to assist Noah in grape culture and requiring two-thirds of the grape wine as his share; the lesson taught being that the use of wine was two-thirds evil. A Mussulman tradition tells of Satan's pouring in succession upon the vine that Ham had planted, the blood of a peacock, the blood of an ape, then of a lion, and last of a pig; thus teaching that moderate drinking develops the vanity of the peacock, that still more produces the antics of an ape, and when one has become drunken he rages as the lion and finally grovels like the pig.

2. The Effect of Alcoholic Stimulants upon the Body.—Alcohol is at first and in small doses a stimulant, but it is finally a narcotic poison—that is a poison whose method of killing is by soothing and stupefying. Its direct and immediate effect is to retard waste by arresting the natural building up and tearing down of the body—a process required for health. At first it increases the heat of the body and the action of the heart, but only for a brief time—its full effect is to lower the temperature of the body and impair the action of the heart. The functions of life are greatly affected by even slight thermal changes. Only a few degrees above or below the normal mean will extinguish life. Alcohol has power to reduce temperature sufficiently to produce death. Experience has taught the desirability of dispensing with stimulants in both Arctic and Equatorial explorations. The navies of several countries have learned the same lesson. Abstainers are best able to endure fatigue and withstand the hardships of severe storms.

Name some of the alcoholic stimulants most commonly used. Brandy, whisky, wine, beer and cider, etc. What other stimulants in common use, not alcoholic? Tea and coffee, tobacco, etc. Does the farmer need any of these for his horses or cattle? Do children need them?

What is the effect of drinking beer? Beer drinking produces a false appearance of health on account of the ruddy color and gain of flesh that is a result of its use. But experience proves that the beer drinker can not resist disease as the abstainer can.

What is the effect of all stimulants? All stimulants affect the body as does a whip a tired horse. Under their influence one becoming unconscious of fatigue can with less pain exert himself beyond his strength. Reaction produces a greater degree of exhaustion than otherwise would result.

What is the great danger of alcoholic stimulants as compared with others? The appetite for it increases with use.

When, if ever, do we need stimulants? In the case of wasting sickness and to restore circulation suspended by over doses of chloroform used in surgery.

3. The Effect of the Use of Stimulants upon Society.—It produces crime and disease. It wastes the grain that might feed the hungry. It brings loss of wealth to the state by the inability of the drunkard to work. It forces the sober and thrifty to make good the loss and injury done to the community by idleness, viciousness and crime. Too much stress cannot be put upon the point of crimes directly traceable to drink. Judges in both England and the United States agree as to its responsibility. In 1883 New York City had 7,326 meat and grocery stores and 10,000 saloons. The saloons of Chicago placed side by side would reach several miles. The cost of liquor consumed in the United States in 1887 was \$700,000,000. The cost of bread the same year \$300,000,000.

4. Society's Rights and Duties in Regard to the Use of Stimulants.—Some of the miseries resulting from this habit can be seen in our hospitals, asylums, jails and prisons. Who pays for these, the drunkard or the sober man? What right has society in the matter of the poverty caused by drunkenness? Why would it not be better to lock up the "jug" first rather than the people after they have been brutalized by it? Insanity, brutality, poverty, stultifying of moral sensibility, loss of will power, all being directly traceable to this vice; what is the duty of society towards it?

5. The Individual's Duties and Rights.—How much ought we to do as an example to others? "For their sake." Is it right for us to drink, even if we are safe, when we note the power of example and the contagion of evil? Self-sacrifice says give it all up for the sake of your feeble brother. Common sense says labor for better laws to restrain the manufacture, and as fast as possible suppress the tempting sale of the useless poison. These dangerous things exist; it is your business to practice self control. Though your room contains a hundred sharp knives you have no right or excuse to cut your fingers. Develop inward resistance. Learn to overcome.

References.—Hand-book of Temperance, published for the Unitarian Church Temperance Society. By Charles F. Dole. Temperance Lesson Books; Scientific Basis of the Temperance Reformation; both by Dr. B. W. Richardson. The Truth about Alcohol, by Dr. Norman Kerr. The Foundation of Death, by Axel Gustafson, being the condensation of facts from three thousand publications on the temperance question.

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MR. EDWARD W. EMERSON, of Concord, Mass., proposes visiting St. Louis and Chicago early in the spring to read lectures in these cities, and could, if desired, make arrangements to give lectures or parlor readings at some other places near the line of his route in going West or returning. SUBJECTS: *The Life and Character of Thoreau*, with Reminiscences: *A Chaplain of the Revolution*, being the story of William Emerson, Minister of Concord, at the outbreak of the War of Independence, founded on his letters, diaries and addresses; together with some account of the Concord fight.

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